

The contention of the two famous Houses,

I cleft his Beuer with a down-right blow :
Father, that this is true, behold his blood.

Mont. And brother, heeres the Earle of Wiltshires blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battailes ioyn'd.

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did:

Yorke. What is your Grace dead my Lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope haue all the line of *John of Gaunt.*

Rich. Thus do I hope to shape King *Henries* head.

War. And so do I victorious Prince of *Yorke,*
Before I see thee seated in that Throne,
Which now the house of *Lancaster* vsurpes,
I vow by heauen, these eyes shall neuer close.
This is the Palace of that fearefull King,
And that the regall chaire: Possesse it *Yorke,*
For this is thine, and not King *Henries* heyres.

Yorke. Assist me then sweet *Warwicke,* and I will:
For hither are we broken in by force.

Norf. Weell all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.

Yorke. Thankes gentle *Norfolke.* Stay by me my Lords,
And soldiers stay you heere, and lodge this night.

War. And when the King comes offer him no violence,
Vnlesse he seeke to put vs out by force,

Rich. Arm'd as we be let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Vnlesse *Plantagenet* Duke of *Yorke* be King,
And bashfull *Henry* be deposde, whose cowardise
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

Yorke. Then leaue me not my Lords: for now I meane
To take possession of my right.

War. Neither the King, nor him that loues him best,
The proudest bird that holds vp *Lancaster,*
Dare stirre a wing, if *Warwicke* shake his bells.
He plant *Plantagenet*: and roote him out who dares?
Resolue thee *Richard,* claime the English Crowne.

Enter king Henry the sixt, with the D. of Excester, the Earle of Northumberland, the Earle of Westmerland, and Clifford the Earle of Cumberland, with red Roses in their hats.

Yorke and Lancaster.

King. Looke Lordings where the stur
Euen in the chaire of State: belike he me
(Back'd by the power of *Warwicke* that f
To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne a
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy fa
And thine Clifford: and you both haue v
On him, his sonnes, his fauourites, and h

North. And if I be not, heauens be reu

Clif. The hope thereof, makes Clifford

West. What? shall we suffer this? Let

My heart for anger breakes, I cannot spe

King. Be patient gentle Earle of *West*

Clif. Patience is for Pultrounes, such

He durst not sit there had your Father liu

My gracious Lord, heere in the Parliam

Let vs assaile the family of *Yorke.*

North. Well hast thou spoken *Cosen.*

King. O know you not the Citty fau

And they haue troopes of souldiers at th

Exet. But when the Duke is slaine, the

King. Far be it from the thoughts of f

To make a shambles of the Parliament h

Cosen of *Exeter*, words, frownes, and th

Shal be the warrs that *Henry* meanes t

Thou factious Duke of *Yorke*, descend

I am thy soueraigne.

Yorke. Thou art deceiu'd, I am thine.

Exet. For shame come downe, he ma

Yorke. I was my inheritance, as the k

Exet. Thy father was a Traitor to the

War. *Exeter* thou art a Traitor to the

In following this vsurping *Henry.*

Clif. Whom should he follow but h

War. True Clifford, and that's *Richar*

King. And shall I stand while thou fir

Yorke. Content thy selfe, it must and

War. Be Duke of *Lancaster*, let him